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The eggs are generally four in number, greenish or greyish white, and thinly sprinkled all over with spots of reddish-brown and lilac, thickest at the larger end. Two broods are reared in a season.

In parts of New England, Wilson found the idea prevalent that the Snowbirds turned to Chipping Sparrows in the Summer, the similarity of their song doubtless aiding the belief. It was often a hard task to convince people of their mistake. This idea is akin to the old belief that Swallows turned to frogs in Winter and Chimney Swifts to Snowbuntings.

SOME BIRDS OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, PA.

HARRY K. JAMESON, PHILADELPHIA PA.

Although it is somewhat of a disappointment to an oologist to encounter a rare nest for the first time and find it occupied by fledgelings, I do not think any of us have wished that we had overlooked such a nest and so avoided the feeling of having lost something of value.

Of course, the enthusiast cannot but regret that he is too late for a coveted set of eggs; but to me the disappointment is not great. To note the actions of an unfamiliar species at its nest, the notes it utters there, whether calls to its young or cries of alarm on the approach of an enemy, are all, to me, deeply interesting and pleasing.

On July Fourth 1890, I was toiling up Mt. Minsi, on the side of the Delaware Water Gap; stopping now and then to take in the actions of a bird, or the grandeur of the scenery. The side of the mountain is thickly covered with deciduous trees and I noticed such birds as the Red-eyed Vireo, Ovenbird, one Black and White Warbler. This last evidently had a nest close by, for I saw it catch a small white moth and fly off with it through the woods.

After climbing upward for an hour, I had not attained the top of the mountain and feeling too warm and tired to go higher, I began to descend. At a point which I judged to be from eight hundred to a thousand feet above the river, an unfamiliar bird-

note attracted my attention and looking around, I saw a Vireo darting about a short distance from me. Focusing my opera glass upon it, I noted that it was of the Solitary species. This being the first time the bird had come under my notice, I stopped to take a view of its actions. After watching it a few moments as it flew from tree to tree, I saw it catch a small moth and for a while it held the insect in its mouth, hopping about uneasily, seeming to regard me with suspicion. Finally it flew off a short distance. I followed it, carefully examining the trees near it, for I was now convinced that it had a nest near by, either with a brooding mate or hungry young. I discovered the nest before the bird approached it. It was in a hickory tree, suspended from a branch as usual, not more than a foot from the trunk and about seven feet from the ground. The branch was a slender one and grew at an upward angle from the trunk.

Upon examining the nest, I found that it held three or four well-fledged young, that filled the little structure to its utmost capacity. The old bird in the meantime was showing great concern, uttering its notes of alarm and boldly approaching to within four or five feet of my face, as I was looking into the nest. Judging from the age of the young birds that appeared to be ten or twelve days, the full set of eggs had been deposited in this nest by the eighth or tenth of June.

I stopped but a few hours at the Water Gap and the only other occupied nest I noticed, was that of a Wood Pewee. It was on a horizontal branch of a young oak tree, about twenty feet from the ground. I was passing by the tree, keeping a sharp lookout for nests, when I discovered the bird on this nest. Upon climbing up I could see the two eggs in the nest and I wished to take them as a memento of my visit. The branch was too slender to allow my going out to the nest, but by dividing my weight between it and another branch above, to which I held on by one hand, I was enabled to get within two feet of the nest, but could not get an inch nearer. As it was, the branch was bent down, so that the eggs were in danger of being thrown out of the shallow nest. A long stick was cut, one end sharpened and I attempted to push it through the nest and lift it from its position. The nest was too frail; the materials parted and the eggs drop-

ped and were destroyed. I examined the broken eggs and found that they contained well developed embryos.

Late in the afternoon I took a train for Tobyhanna Mills, a village on top of Mt. Pocono, thirty miles northwest of the Water Gap. The elevation at this point is 2,200 feet, and during the two days that I remained there, I saw at least two species belonging to the Canadian fauna—the Slate-colored Junco and the Canadian Warbler. A pair of the latter evidently had a nest near where I passed, in a small swampy wood. In passing through this wood, I had to step from one fallen tree to another, there being several inches of water over all. The numerous roots of fallen trees are doubtless used as nesting places by this Warbler.

The Chestnut-sided Warbler, is also quite common here, and was met with in low undergrowth, which here covers the whole country. Two Cedar Waxwings nests on young pine trees, held one and four eggs respectively. Two nests of Field Sparrow on low bushes a few inches above the ground, held eggs; one, four fresh ones, the other three just hatching.

My collection is none the richer for that mountain visit; the tin collecting box, containing the set of Waxwings and Field Sparrow, having dropped unnoticed from my coat pocket as I was passing through the thick undergrowth.

THE KILLDEER.

(*Aegialites vociferus*.)

WALTER A. LYNN, GLADBROOK, IOWA.

These birds usually arrive in Iowa during the last week in March or the first week of April. Their arrival is heralded by their clear piercing cry of "killdee," "killdee," often followed by the last syllable repeated many times rapidly.

The nest is on low ground, consists merely of a hollow, lined with dry grasses; eggs four, greyish speckled. The eggs are arranged in the nest in accordance with the usual custom of the snipe family—the small ends pointing to the centre of the nest.

On a close-cropped hill near my home, many pairs reside every Summer. They seem to like the hot southern slope of